

Don't Mean Much

KB

Don't mean much
It don't mean much to me

Yo, so they may be like KB you got it goin' on
In twenty years they'll forget me like Kevin in Home Alone
So grown and blown, morning then its gone
That's the history you're grasping, man ain't much more (Talk about it)
(Hit me) No one will care what you invented
Half the stuff that we use we can care less 'bout the original
I ain't trippin' I love to lift up inventions
But more than liftin' inventors, who invented the inventor That's God (Talk
about it)
My whole clique Christ lovers,
My outfit it might be plain, but I fly with the right brothers
Life covered, Jesus he saves well
Free's the mind for those doin' time in a brain cell
Jesus 'til I expire, I may have a good gift
Fire stones fall from the sky, I'll never tire
Serious don't use the word play, this consonant word play
Competent conquerin' content content e'rrrday

We lost judged
Dead men walking on a dead earth
Looking for a heart and a soul search
Everything I want
It don't mean much
It don't mean much to me
Money, fame
Coming for your heart
Sex, drugs
Secret of the dark
Everything, everything the world wants
It don't mean much
It don't mean much to me

Yeah, Lord sometimes its envy on my lips, lust on my hips
Feet prone to slip because I'm so weak
We often fake like we're meek, say we're the least, speak deep
But the Lord is like son please
We exaggerate our strengths, hide our mistakes
That's a bad place, cuz we only make his grace cheap
When I'm angry my pride wants to slay me
I know one person who needs to take up his cross daily, that's me
Yeah, and our deepest desires might be the worst thing
Our hearts are wicked, you don't know what that curse brings
I get something new then I look at you
If you have one and a little that that, I want two, greed
We have peasants mimicin' the life of kings
Yeah you have fame and things, you never had peace
Made in his image, but then we made a mess
Win, lose, or draw, he's a picture of success
Say cheese

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You make a song about Jesus, you never going to hell
Yeah that's written in the first book of (what was it) nowhere
I know that's no bail , but his fare won't go well
Lord help 'fore our days end, like a hotel
'Cuz death doesn't care how many albums you sold
And death doesn't schedule like this time or no
Death clock reading it's sooner time to go
But it'll be soon time to go
Chose God and grow
Watch the throne all you want, but it'll never be ya'll seat
The throne's occupied like it's palace on Wall Street
My God so great that He puts great to shame
Ain't a man bad enough, he ain't bad enough the same
Jesus, came here to save the worst of sinners
How you think I'm able to rap these verses with Him
To the earth He entered
Full of mercy in a
Death and the ressurection He got your boy singing

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